

KEEP THE FRED ASTAIRE FAR HENCE

she had a period as
a young woman when
dogs appeared in her dreams.

later, when she was
pregnant she learned of
the link between dog-hair

and literacy in children
and forseeing the suffering
this would involve

had a fence built
around the house.

nowadays the kids
can wipe their own asses
and lately she's been
eyeing me as i trot by
5 times a week on the
way to the carnival.

"look," i heard her say
the other day to someone in there,
"it's the big dog with
long toenails."

a nice laugh
she has.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED

down at the local
beautiful person's bar
she slipped her arm
through mine
and leaned on me.

i told her she looked
like mia farrow
but i don't think
she knew the name.
her mind was very

beautiful and she
said the right things

about coke and how fucked up
she was and which bartender
was all right and which

one wasn't.
meanwhile in 5 minutes time
at least three guys
gave her a deluxe massage
as they squeezed past.

somehow my arm became
disentwined and i
started getting in
on the action.
she leaned even closer.

"so-and-so wants to
dance. he's a friend,
but"
"not the kind of guy
you want to dance with."

she smiled. her hand
which was light and beautiful
moved across the front
of my pants. i had
a piece of her ass in

one hand and a tit
in the other. when we
stopped kissing
i caught our reflection
in the mirror.

"damn," i thought,
"here i am with zelda
fitzgerald."
i caught her looking too.
apparently i was not her idea

of f. scott.
by last call she had
been thru two after me
and was telling a third
that it was about time

to get back to the guy
she came with.
i thought
i had it bad.

-- Christopher Daly

Seal Beach CA